

DEAF-MUTES

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

He giveth his beloved sleep
Whose hearts have broke beneath their
load.
But Oh! how calm, and still and deep
Their rest will be, who sleep in God.

He giveth his beloved sleep
Over whose lives a blight is cast;
He stills the sorrowing hearts that keep
But haunting memories of the past.

He giveth his beloved sleep;
He stills I dread the weary day
Or fear my nightly watch to keep?
The darkness soon will pass away.

He giveth his beloved sleep
No grief can wake that slumber deep
Hushed is life's tumult and unrest.

He giveth his beloved sleep?
He seals with peace their dying eyes;
Will beam with joy in Paradise,
Will beam with peace that cease to weep.

M. A. C.

WHICH TO MARRY.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

Robert Ellis sat alone in the room he was pleased to call his study. It was, however, used more for smoking than any other purpose, he being one of the wise men who leave "shop" behind when business for the day is over.

Now his neglected cigar burned dangerously near his fingers. He was not thinking of his clients' interest, but his own. All of mind and sight were concentrated upon two photographs lying before him; in studying form, face and expression reproduced in endeavoring to read character. So much was this the case that he failed to hear the rustle of his sister's dress as she entered, crossed the floor, stood behind him and looking at the cause of his abstraction.

For a few moments they remained thus. Then Jeanette—not Ellis any longer, as she had wedded a few months previously—Jeanette Mason asked in a half bantering, half earnest voice:

"Which, Robert, which?"
"You here, Jean?" he questioned in astonishment. "I thought I was alone and—the deuce take that cigar! It has burned me nearly to the bone," and he threw it spitefully away.

"And mind, Rob, one of these does not burn you more deeply—burn your heart to ashes."

"Do you speak from experience, Jean?"

"Very far from it. With me marriage has been no failure—has been the fruition and glorification of love. But which of these are you dreaming of making a wife, Rob?"

"What have you to say to this one?" and taking from the table one of the pictures he handed it to her for closer inspection.

It was that of a girl, below rather than above twenty years, blue-eyed, golden-haired, with skin as the lily and lips as the rose; slight of form, with dainty hands, whose unstained whiteness and smoothness forbid the idea of labor.

"That Jean," continued her brother, "is Miss Annie Belford, young, finished (with a slight sneer upon the word) at a fashionable female academy; rich and acknowledged to be beautiful. I met her last summer at Long Branch, caught her as she was being swept away by the undertow, and so became easily acquainted and won her everlasting gratitude."

"What of her character, Rob?"

"That very problem I was studying. I know she rides fairly well, can play and sing, and can dance gracefully for an unlimited number of hours."

"Well?"

There was something in his open, manly face, in his accent, that told of more than casual interest. It alarmed his sister, for with the quick intuition of woman she felt the girl would not be the wife she desired for brother.

"The other," he answered, reading the decision in the bright hazel eyes and flushing a trifle indignantly, "is plain Mary Jones."

"Plain enough, certainly, if judged by the world's standard of female loveliness, but of the kind to grow beautiful with love and time. Did you also save her life, Rob?"

"No, the circumstances were reversed. She saved mine."

"And won your everlasting gratitude?"

"Scarcely. You remember I was hunting in the mountains of Pennsylvania a few weeks since. No, I was not about to be devoured by bears or have my bones picked scrupulously clean by wild cats, but lost my way, slipped upon a mossy rock, hung suspended over a dangerous

precipice and would soon have gone crashing to the bottom had not this young lady—hum, she must be about my own age—heard my shouts, come to the rescue and by strength of arm drawn me up to safety."

"A mountain," with a little confused pause at her inability to command the word she desired, "what-ever the term for a feminine Hercules may be."

"Not so. She was a city production who chanced to be visiting some distant relatives and sketching. Look at the photo, Jean, and give me your opinion."

The picture was of a girl who had reached the age of twenty-five, tall, rather a Juno in figure than a Psyche, with eyes and hair of the darkest brown, nose and mouth too large for symmetry, complexion wanting lily whiteness and rose tinting, hands not of the dainty order, and evidently used to toil.

"A strong and good face, Rob," was the comment of the sister. "Who is she, Rob?"

"The one child of a ruined merchant, with an invalid mother to support."

"And does her life work well and bravely, you may be assured. The other is?"

"The petted child of plenty, luxury and—"

"Of fashion and frivolity. Oh, brother. Hark! my husband is calling and I must go. Some other time we will talk farther on the subject."

"Very well."

The answer was fair enough, but Robert Ellis inwardly determined that time should never come. He had taken the pictures from their secret resting place not to decide between them; simply to make one act as the foil of the other, to render the beauty of Annie Belford more supreme by contrast with the one less favored, and the words of his sister grated upon his ear and heart.

"Women are always savagely jealous of any one better looking than themselves," he grumbled as he put the photographs away and dressed to go out.

His sister intercepted him and asked whether he was going.

"Nowhere in particular; simply for a stroll and—well—may drop into the club," was answered positively, though his decision had already been made, and he walked as rapidly as possible to the home of Annie Belford.

A luxurious home it was, and he found the young lady radiant in dress and smiles, and the reception he received was flattering in the extreme. Again and again he was thanked impressively for saving her life from "those horrid waves." With deft fingers the keys of the piano were touched; with the sweetest possible voice she sang for and at him; in every way she endeavored to charm; with blushes tempted and with eyes magnetized, and sent the young lawyer home with his blood at the fever heat of love.

A note addressed in a firm and remarkably beautiful hand awaited the opening upon the table in his study when he returned. It had no particular temptation for him, so he leisurely lighted a cigar. Then he carelessly took it up, commenting as he did so.

"I might as well know the contents, but wish business had kept at a distance and left this night for—hum, Mary Jones! What in the name of humility can she be writing to me about? Wants me to call as early as possible to-morrow! Well, I shall have to do so on account of gratitude, if for no other reason. So long, Miss Mary."

He carelessly tossed the note aside, finished his cigar, as soon as his head touched the pillow and he gave himself up to dreaming such love-tinted dreams as momentarily turn earth into a heaven of anticipation.

It was a trivial matter concerning which Mary Jones wished to consult the young lawyer, quickly disposed of and the interview could soon have ended. There was, however, a quiet charm about the modest house, a lady-like repose and self-possession about her manner that interested and detained him; no effort to "show off" although her conversation revealed extensive reading and culture; an open piano that she was no stranger to; "words wedded to melody," and pictures upon wall and easel that told her brush was a gifted and not an idle one.

"You are blessed," he said to the invalid mother, hoping to draw her

out, "in having a remarkably brilliant daughter."

"Mary is a good girl," was all the response he was able to obtain, but there was much more in it to him than the most fulsome laudation.

He thought of it as he hastened to his office, more than once during the day, and the seeds thus sown might have blossomed and fruited had not the gloriously beautiful vision of Annie Belford constantly obtruded itself and dazzled his eyes. For beauty to the great majority of men is as sunshine to the flower and the dew sparkling in the lily cup to the thirsty bird.

That Annie Belford was determined to win her brother, his sister saw with misgiving and regret. Scarcely a day passed without some token to him, a flower, an invitation to a seat in "our opera box," to accompany her in a horseback ride—a something to bring him to her side. But Jeanette Mason was too wise to interfere. She knew how much love grew by opposition; how many a man and woman had married from pique and defiance, and carefully "held the tongue," hoping that time would work a cure.

Would it? Mary in haste and repent at leisure seemed destined to be the bitter experience of Robert Ellis, and when "righting up" his study one morning his sister found a costly solitaire ring, she began preparing herself for the coming of a sister-in-law she feared she could never lose, even repent.

With tears starting from her eyes she watched her brother as he came from his chamber that evening and saw he was dressed with more than usual care; saw that an hour would settle his fate and her heart sank within her. But hiding her feelings she asked:

"Whither to-night, Rob?"

"To win you a sister, Jean. Be prepared to take her to your home and heart."

"Then you have fully decided?"

"Beyond change."

"Between the photographs?"

"Will you let me speak, Robert?"

"No. I will have no interference in my love matters. I am fully able to decide myself."

"Kiss me, Rob. God bless you, my dear brother," and as she shut the door behind him she stole away to the privacy of her chamber to emphasize her blessing with a prayer.

It was early to call, would not be etiquette to do so, but his restless spirit would not permit him to remain within doors. A walk was necessary to calm him, and he turned into a neighboring park. From there he could see the house of his charmer, perhaps even catch a glimpse of the face and form to him now the most beautiful on earth.

The house was unlighted; his divinity absent. He wished the wings might be swift that brought her feet and thrilled with exultation as he saw his desire gratified. Almost at the instant the girl dashed up upon a spirited horse. No groom was in waiting. A little beggar boy volunteered to assist her, hoping to earn a few pennies. In his eager haste his foot slipped from curb to gutter and the costly dress and pink and lily face of the fair aider were liberally bespattered with mud.

"You miserable little wretch," was passionately exclaimed, "take that for your carelessness and stupidity," and the riding whip sang in its passage through the air and half a dozen stinging blows fell upon the sad, pinched little face.

In his efforts to escape, the boy fell with his head striking the sharp edge of the curbstone, and he lay stunned and bleeding. The angry girl gave him not even a glance of pity, resigned her horse to the groom with loud, sharp words, and swept proudly into the house, leaving the injured boy to his fate.

But if she was regardless of human suffering, another was not. A lady who was passing along saw the unpleasant episode, crossed the street, raised the child, wiped the blood and filth from his face, bound up his head with her dainty perfumed handkerchief, and gave him some money, sent him upon his way rejoicing—to be shortly interviewed by Robert Ellis.

Half an hour later the lights flashed out from the parlor window of Annie Belford. She was listening to flattery and glibly responding, though her heart leaped at the sound of the door-bell, and her eye turned, wistfully, to see who should enter.

In the study of the lawyer was the

man she longed for, but who came not. A soiled handkerchief lay upon the table beside two photographs, and was plainly given to view, the initials exquisitely embroidered upon it. As once previously, his sister came softly in, saw how he was engaged, and for the second time asked: "Which, Robert, which?"

From his pocket he took the costly, flashing diamond, laid it upon the lips of one of the pictures, and it was not upon those of Annie Belford.

The "Cooking Class" at the New York Institution.

BY MRS. ALICE D. GILLETTE.

Lessons XVII. and XIX., May 23d, 1890. Interpreted through signs by Miss L. C. Rice, and reproduced therefrom in writing, by Miss May Martin, a member of the High Class.

TEA.

To make good tea is more of an art than many people are aware of. The Chinese and Russians are the best tea-makers. Every one knows that tea is made from the leaves of a Chinese plant. A French chemist has advised that tea should be ground like coffee before steeping, to obtain from it the most good. To many people "a cup of tea" is a solace for nearly all ills. Below is given one way of making it. There are three varieties of the tea-plant. "Black" and "Green Tea" are most commonly used.

TEA.

The water should be freshly boiled. Scald and heat the tea-pot, which should never be of tin. Allow one teaspoonful of tea for one cup of boiling water. Reduce the proportion of tea when several cups are required. Put the tea in the hot tea-pot, pour on the boiling water, cover closely and keep hot five minutes. In boiling tea the aroma is wasted and tannin is extracted. Tannic acid acts upon tin and produces a poisonous compound.

COFFEE.

Coffee is the seed of a small tree, which grows in Arabia, Java, the West Indies and South America. Mocha is the best variety. It comes from Arabia.

Coffee should, like tea, be made in granite-ware or porcelain vessels. The coffee pot being kept delicately clean. One-third Mocha and two-thirds Java is considered choice. Cream and block sugar are essential if you would have the best. If boiled longer than five minutes the volatile oil is dissipated and the tannic acid extracted, which combines with milk and makes a leathery, indigestible compound.

COFFEE (BOILED).

One heaping tablespoonful of ground coffee, one-half cup of cold water. Bring to a boil. Add one cup of boiling water; boil five minutes. Stir well and put it where it will keep hot, but not boil, for ten minutes. Be careful not to roll the coffee by careless pouring or shaking the pot. One egg shell or one tablespoonful of caramel will help to clarify or "settle" the beverage.

MUFFINS.

One pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half scant teaspoonful of salt, two eggs beaten separately, one scant cup of milk, one-fourth cup of butter melted.

Mix the flour, baking powder and salt, add the milk and butter to the beaten yolks. Put the two mixtures together quickly, add the whites. Fill hot muffin pans, that have been well greased, two-thirds full and bake fifteen minutes in a very hot oven.

OATMEAL.

Oatmeal comes in three grades. The Scotch consider the coarse oatmeal the best; it is the whole oat with the outer husk removed. The Scotch are called a nation of dyspeptics, because they boil their oatmeal too soft and swallow it whole.

Oatmeal is highly nutritious, being richer in nitrogen than any other grain. The nitrogenous matter resembles casein more than gluten and is called avenin (from avena, the oat). It is rich in food for muscle and brain, but needs strong digestive powers. It should be thoroughly masticated and mixed with the saliva to be easily digested. The meal should be well cooked and dry rather than thin.

TO COOK OATMEAL.

One cup of coarse oatmeal, one teaspoonful of salt, three and a half cups of boiling water. Boil rapidly eight or ten minutes. Stir carefully with a fork, then steam forty or sixty minutes.

SAUCE FOR ASPARAGUS.

One pint of milk, one pint of water in which the asparagus was cooked, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, one

even teaspoonful of salt, one salt-spoonful of pepper.

FOOD.

Nourishing foods are those which serve to develop perfectly every animal function, but do not increase the strength and speed of organic action beyond the point of full nutrition. Bread, vegetables, fruits, sugar, salt and water are nourishing. Foods which impart a speed and energy to the organs above that necessary to perfect nutrition are stimulating foods. Animal food is of this class. Innutritious foods are those which are not assimilated.

LEMON JELLY.

Half a box of gelatine, one scant cup of cold water, one pint of boiling water, one cup of sugar, two thirds of a cup of lemon juice, one square inch stick cinnamon. Soak the gelatine in the cold water until soft. Steep the thin rind of the lemon and cinnamon in the pint of boiling water ten minutes, then add the softened gelatine, sugar and lemon juice. Strain when dissolved, and mold. If covered it will not harden. Set it in a cool place. Use only the yellow part of the rind. For one box of gelatine six lemons are used. If you have not stick cinnamon, tie about one saltspoonful of pulverized cinnamon in a piece of muslin and steep.

COOKIES.

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one third cup of milk, two eggs, four even teaspoonfuls of baking powder in four cups of flour. Flavor with nutmeg. Cream the butter, add the sugar, milk and beaten egg, then the baking powder mixed in four cups of flour, then add more flour to roll out thin. Roll a little at a time.

BROOKLYN NEWS.

The deaf-mutes of Brooklyn are gratified with the excellent results of the Fair. A great deal of credit is due to the committee for the clever management.

It opened on Tuesday, May 25th, at the parish building adjoining St. Mark's Church. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet made an address, interpreted into signs by Rev. A. T. Colt. The quick and extensive sales the first evening was a forerunner of the greater ones the following evenings, the 21st and 22d. The crowd on the 21st was greater than the previous evening; enthusiasm was correspondingly greater. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was there again with his wife. The 22d was still better, owing to the fine weather. It kept things quite lively for the ladies who raked in the shelds. Messrs. J. P. Jams, John Wilkinson, F. W. Henry, Fred, Brown and W. S. Gilbert helped the committee considerably.

Prof. W. G. Jones was the lion of the hour. He left the crowds laughing till their sides ached by his funny ways as the auctioneer. His assistance was highly appreciated, for through him a great part of the success was due. Undoubtedly his connection with the Gallaudet Home Excursion will make it a great success.

The confectionery table was kept by Misses Jams and Emily Goodwin. The lemonade stand by Miss Gantz. The refreshment table, by Mrs. Lockwood, of Long Branch, and Mrs. F. Brown. The fancy grocery, by Messrs. W. S. Justet and W. S. Gilbert (taking place of the ladies, to whom something must have happened). The Art table, by Miss Lizzie Smith and Mrs. J. Wilkinson. The "odds and ends table," Misses Lillie Gilbert, Lizzie Streiner and her sister Katie. The Japanese booth, Miss Lillie Price, and her pretty cousin Fanny. Apron and kindergarten booth, Miss Caroline Peterson and her lady friends. The perfume table, Misses F. M. and B. Taggard. "Parlor booth," Mr. J. P. Jams and a lady friend.

Among the many donations, we shall mention a Singer Sewing Machine, a cherry rocker a beautifully embroidered screen, ten dollars by Mr. C. D. Matthews, five dollars by Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald.

The following lucky winners of the prizes were:

Mrs. Gasama—an elegant satin fan for the best cake baked by herself; Mrs. Leo Greiss, the gold dollar from the slice of cake he selected; Mrs. Isle Jams, a gold ring in slice of cake; Mr. H. L. Juhring, a five-dollar gold coin in a big cake.

We have not learned the names of the others.

The financial report will be published as soon as completed.

MERCURY.

The Race Problem.

(Orator of Oscar H. Regensburg, delivered at the Presentation Day Exercises of the National Deaf-Mute College, May 27th, 1890.)

The hostilities between civilized and uncivilized races in every corner of the globe, often resulting in the oppression or extermination of the inferior, has set philanthropists devising social and political expedients that would avert the catastrophic. Here in our country are 7,000,000 of an alien race, ignorant and degraded by their previous condition of servitude. Can the races ever live peacefully together? Shall we remove the negro, or give him a part of our territory? Shall we disenfranchise him or shall we educate him?

The color of the negro is a permanent ground of antagonism between the two races. Rodrigo calls Othello "black lips," Brabantio speaks of his "sooty bosom," while Iago shows his contempt by demanding what delight Desdemona can have in African physiognomy. Yet the typical "looking like the devil" is not the only reason. With the darkest skin and crispest hair, you will often find a little and symmetrical figure, the features of an angel, and a face that beams with cheerful-ness.

Emancipation and enfranchisement were of little immediate benefit to the ignorant and habitually dependent slaves. When the excitement of the change was over, they felt like children lost in the woods needing help. But it was with the second generation that the improvement began to be felt. The last ten years has seen the new generation climb steadily up from degradation to civilization and poverty to considerable wealth. Whatever may be thought of the policy of giving the ballot to the negro, it is now too late to reverse it. The North would not listen to it, because of its political creed, the South because of the sectional advantage, and the negro himself would not submit.

The negro is a most prolific race. The last census showed that whites in the South had increased 20 per cent, and the negroes 35 per cent. At this rate, in 1980 the negroes will amount to 90,000,000. This increase, it is feared, will give the negroes an immense preponderance, and lead to a collision in political offices.

1st. The negroes would always in the main vote together. In proportion to their better education, they would demand more political offices.

2d. They would form the laboring class. There is a tendency of the rich to sink and of the poor to rise. Luxurious living was the cause of the effeminacy of the Roman patricians, while the strong constitution of the plebeians, derived from labor, gave them the ascendancy.

The selfishness and the natural superiority of the white race will lead to a revolt against the negro rule. One or the other must go to the wall.

But there need be no fear that the negro will encroach upon us or be in our way in any part of the country, unless he rises in rebellion and morally so as to give him, by force of merit, a commanding position. The arrogance of the white race is decreasing. They are coming under the rule of a higher and more moral law, which puts away all social disparagements.

In this age of progress there is a direct tendency to the unification of clans and classes. An analogy is found in the intense degradation with which a Norman was regarded in association with a Saxon, and in the fact that time and events have swept the barriers away and united the two into the Englishman of to-day. But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that history fails to produce satisfactory results when two utterly dissimilar races are concerned. In the case of the negro, the situation is not so favorable. But we may hope that with the progress of time the freedom in that island will improve their condition. It is unreasonable to expect them to reach in half a century the point of civilization which has cost us thousands of years and infinite pains and sacrifices.

More of their failure is due to the inferiority of their white neighbors than to the worthlessness of the negro.

The colonization scheme has found staunch supporters in Jefferson, Webster, Clay, Lincoln and Grant. As European flock here by the thousands annually to escape the social disadvantages in their countries, shall not the negro, suffering from the same disadvantages, be allowed to claim the right to Africa, the land of his forefathers? But, unfortunately, the scheme would not be advantageous to both the parties concerned.

On the one hand we cannot afford to spare the negro. His labor is superior to that of the white emigrants who crowd our shores. Colonization is only a partial solution of the problem.

Education alone is the key to all social problems. No positive law in the church or in the State can prevent the spreading of sympathies. There is a higher law, the public conscience. This is the law we would invoke in the present case. The Jew was not exterminated from the world, but to-day the intelligent man does not regard his company as degrading. Will not the education of the ignorant masses of whites and blacks lead to a similar result between the two. Superior education is the key to the white man's success, and ignorance of his failures. Whatever may be the course of external affairs, it is man himself who makes our world. It is according to the sentiments, the moral and intellectual dispositions of man himself, that the world is great and progresses.

It is contended that while education is a panacea for the ills of mankind, it would in this case hasten the impending conflict. When a man has received a little education, he finds it an instrument of power, and he sees about him in the ignorant mass of his own people a field for using it. Then he becomes conceited, he will hurry away from his unimproved education, entertaining exaggerated notions of what he can do. This will intensify the color line by thrusting him from the competition of the white race and subjecting him to the demoralizing influence of a low standard of excellence. It must be confessed that the period of transition from darkness to light is attended with great and danger. A little learning is a dangerous thing.

Education is, however, the best and only way of solving the problem. The negro on his part has shown himself fully able to proceed beyond the three "R's." He is docile and proficient in memory. The reasoning powers, repressed and stunted by slavery, are emerging from their dormant condition. His nature is charming in many respects. He is kind, gentle, mild and sympathetic; he appears neither revengeful nor malicious. But for this, he would surely have been ruined by the severe ordeal through which he has passed. His heroic bravery and fidelity have received a severe test on the battlefield. There the hopes of freedom, surging in his breast, were captured by his death in the name of freedom he resolutely braved.

His evil habits, which are a result of his former condition, he leaves off as he becomes more and more refined in manners and intelligence. He is the last comer on the threshold of modern civilization. He begins his new career in an age of light, philanthropy and science, a citizen of the world's greatest republic, among a people bound together by ties of interest, friendship, religion and patriotism.

Give him further time to learn, and we may hope he will gain such a character that he will be respected as a man, and be allowed as a citizen the enjoyment of the equal civil rights to which he is now by law entitled.

The Origin of Rome.

(An Essay delivered on Presentation Day of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., by Stephen Shesday, of Missouri.)

The historical student, in searching for that great people, the Romans, is met at the outset by a mass of legends—the mythic story of Æneas, the tale of Evander, and the fable of the Trojan war. Placing no credence in these, he resorts to monumental remains and inscriptions, but singularly, he finds that, unlike other ancient nations, Italy leaves us no such means of finding out the origin of the Roman people, or no traces of a race are found in Italy prior to the beginning of agriculture and the working of metals.

Language, upon which Mommsen dwells so much, gives us no clear evidence to the origin. Of the aboriginal Italian languages, the only one that is known is the Latin, which is the language of the Italian tribe, that of Latium. In short, whichever way we look for the true origin of the Romans, we can only form conjectures and suppositions.

All the Italian races came of the great Indo-European stock, which peopled Central and Western Asia, and the whole of Europe. They seem to have reached Italy when they stood at that degree of civilization midway between the nomad and pastoral state.

Pelasgians, confusedly spoken of at the beginning of all Roman histories, seems to be the most ancient of Italian tribes. They have left us only the name and their indelible buildings.

The next people is the Tyrrhenian, probably of Pelasgic origin, and said to have come from Lydia, in Asia Minor. They seem to have held Italy 300 years, when they were overrun by the Sicilians from Spain and themselves along the shores of the Adriatic, derived from labor, gave them the ascendancy.

The Etruscans, the natural superiority of the white race will lead to a revolt against the negro rule. One or the other must go to the wall.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the price of ten cents a line.

We have just received from Paris a photograph of a design for the Peet Memorial Statue, by Douglas Tilden, which shows an originality and ideality of a high degree. Harvey Prindle Peet is represented in an imposing attitude at the top of a granite shaft at the base of which, on either side, are two urchins. On the left is resting, in a despondent posture, a street arab ragged and unkempt, and just above his head on a small pillar in proximity to the shaft is an unlighted Grecian lamp above which is the inscription, "There was darkness." On the other side a neat-appearing youth gazes hopefully ahead. His face and attitude show intelligence and happiness. The pillar with the lamp are the same, save that the lamp is now giving forth its rays, and the inscription above reads, "There is light." There is evidence in the whole of a gifted and artistic mind, the conception being most appropriate to the subject, blending together an inspiration of intellectual grandeur and exalted philanthropy.

A NATIONAL CONGRESS of persons actively engaged in teaching the deaf and dumb, as well as missionaries to them, will occur at Leeds, England, on the 12th and 13th of August. Mr. C. Gorham, editor of the *Deaf and Dumb Times*, will act as local committee. The *Times*, after stating that circulars will soon be sent out, adds:

"It was hoped that the Rev. Dr. T. Gallaudet, of New York, would be able to come over, his expenses having been guaranteed by the following societies: Belfast, Bradford, Ashridge, and Manchester, and he, in return, to advocate the adult cause in sermons and speeches as was the case last Autumn; but on account of the International Convention of the American teachers having been fixed for the 23d of August, he finds it impossible to come over this Summer. It is to be hoped that Professor Thos. F. Fox, teacher in the New York Deaf Institution, and the Secretary of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes, America, and other American deaf-mutes may be induced to come over."

THE short description of the plans for the new Philadelphia Institution for the Deaf, which we reprint from a Philadelphia paper, will be found interesting by teachers and others connected with the education of the deaf. When completed, the institution promises to be a model of its kind, combining as it will all the advantages of the existing schools and improvements that have been suggested through experience and long and careful study. The architect is reputed to be one of the best in the country, consequently the sanitary conditions, and precautions against fire, will be of the very best. The rising generation of deaf-mutes in Pennsylvania will enjoy greater opportunities than have been presented to those gone before. The removal to the suburbs of the city is of itself something long needed and long wished for by those connected with the Philadelphia Institution. The pure air, spacious grounds, and change from the hustle and bustle of the city, will prove eminently beneficial not only to the physical well-being of the pupils but their mental and moral well-being also.

THE photographic art seems to be having a boom in Pennsylvania in the vicinity of our genial friend and clever business manager, Alex. L. Pach. The "chat" which a newspaper representative had with him in Easton goes to show that he is getting rich.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

John Welch, of Jersey City Heights, was the guest of Mr. Emil F. Scheffer, in Montclair, N. J., last Sunday.

A Fair will be held at the Trenton, N. J., Institution, on Saturday, June 7th. It is for the benefit of the American School for deaf-mutes in China.

Mr. Samuel J. McClelland, of Mountain View, N. J., will lead the charming Miss Ella Randall, of Rome, N. Y., to the hymenial altar on the 12th of June.

Mr. George Homer's daughter's husband has been appointed choirman of the New Bedford (Mass.) Episcopal Church. He is also a professor of music at the various public schools.

Mr. Theodore L. Lonsbury and Miss Maggie Bohner, two deaf-mutes of this city, will be married, on the 28th of June, in one of the spacious parlors of the Central Turn Verein Opera House.

Mr. Jas. Ritter, of Troy, is expected to lecture for the Bible society, on Sunday afternoon, June 1st, at 4.10 o'clock, at the Parish House on Jay street, Albany, N. Y. All are invited.

Chas. L. McManus, of Newark, N. J., is at home to stay one week. He will go to Trenton on Wednesday and will remain till Saturday. He will go to Port Oram on June 2d.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will be in Malone, N. Y., on or about June 6th, and will hold a combined service at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, the following Sunday. He will also attend the closing exercises of the Northern New York Institution, which take place at the Malone Opera House, on the morning of June 11th. Dr. Gallaudet is a director of the Northern N. Y. Institution, and has a host of friends in that little city and Northern part of this state, who will be delighted to see him. The country in the Adirondack region is looking its best, although at times, it is quite cold, rendering a top coat a necessity.

On Friday evening, the 23d inst., Rev. Job Turner reached Staunton, Va., after an absence of four months. He found his son and grandsons all well and happy. The next morning, he left for Baltimore, Md., and assisted Mr. Wells in officiating in Grace Church chapel, Sunday afternoon. We started Monday, for a visit. He said he would be back in Staunton, Va., June 10th, and that he intended having a service in St. Paul's Louisville, Ky., Sunday afternoon, June 8th.

Robert Louis Stevenson writes to Robert Bonner's Sons from Sydney, New South Wales, that his health has greatly improved, and that he is in good writing condition, and that he is at work on his story for the New York *Ledger*, which he hopes to complete within a reasonable time. Mr. Stevenson likes the story very much himself, and has become deeply interested in the fascinating plot which he is weaving. He says: "That something of a Monte Christo flavor, being the tale of an abominable crime and a singular vengeance. I have great hopes of the characters." This has the true Stevenson flavor, and smacks of "Hyde and Jekyll." The public will await the appearance of this story with eagerness and great expectations.

E. H. Hatcher, of Neodesha, was up last Wednesday with his improved bicycle, which he has invented. The improvement is a very simple device, consisting of a few cog-wheels fixed on the axis, by means of which the revolutions of the wheels are made to double the number those made by the cranks. The improvement is no doubt an important one, and Mr. Hatcher has received many communications regarding it. The Bicyclists belonging to Wallace & Co.'s Circus spoke of it in high terms of praise. We hope that Mr. Hatcher, who is a most congenial gentleman, and who in spite of deafness is well educated, will read a suitable reward.—*Fredonia, Ks., Democrat.*

It's a vay Deaf People have.

(From Rocket.)
"I told that deaf old Mrs. Peters about Saidle, and what do you think she said?"
"What?"
"Yes. That's what she said."

THE PRESIDENT'S PORTRAIT.

PRESENTED TO THE LOCHIEL CLUB UNDER MOST ENJOYABLE CIRCUMSTANCES.

There was a pleasant time at the Lochiel Club last evening. Unknown to President Brewer a photograph of himself had been purloined and given to Albert Ballin, a deaf-mute artist, to enlarge. The result was a beautiful pastel likeness of the President. There is a wheel within a wheel at the club, called the Ancient and Ignoble Order of Growlers. These had a meeting and adopted resolutions condemnatory of the Board of Managers, and summoned President Brewer before them to hear their complaints. Superintendent Chapman acted as the mouthpiece of the Growlers, and during the first part of his speech the President's face showed that he regarded the matter seriously and those in the secret enjoyed his apparent concern. The outcome of the affair was the presentation to the club of the President's life-like portrait which was immediately hung upon the wall. To Mr. Chapman's presentation Mr. Brewer responded in a feeling manner. After these pleasanties, Mr. Ballin was introduced to those present, and entertained the company much better, perhaps, than could any man who had control of his vocal organs. He told, in pantomime, of his experience with European artists, showing their manners and methods, and won the deserved applause of the company by giving a most realistic imitation of sewing an imaginary button on a coat with a chemical needle and a phantom thread. Such was the correctness of the imitation that those who knew it was only such could scarcely control their minds from conceiving that he held a tangible needle, thread and button.—*Daily True American, Trenton, N. J.*

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

A Trio of Defeats.

MINOR NOTES.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The Kendalls are not playing winning ball this season. Three defeats form the record of the past week. Tuesday the Washington Light Infantry nine came up with Wise, of last year's Senators, to throw the ball for them, which he did for six innings to their complete satisfaction, during that time only one Kendall man getting home safely, while six of the visitors scored. After the sixth, the regular battery was put to work, and the Kendalls began to score at once, adding four runs to the city club's two, before the end of the game.

Thursdays saw probably the worst game of ball ever played on the "garlic grounds" by a Kendall first nine. The Georgetown team was their opponent, and the visitors had put in several of their reserves for practice. The childish errors made by the home team disgusted every one; and while the defeat was not so severe as on former occasions, yet the consciousness that it would have been the Kendalls' but for the seventeen inexcusable errors they succeeded in making caused their supporters more mortification than would have been the case had the Georgetown team's score been triple what it was and Kendall errors fewer. Every man on our team with one exception is credited with one or more errors, each seeming to vie with the other in piling up the muffs, wild throws, etc. The score is:

KENDALLS 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
W. L. 0 1 0 0 0 0 2 2 5
2 0 2 2 0 0 1 1 x-8

The result of Saturday's game at Annapolis had the effect of somewhat mollifying the wrath produced on every side by the Georgetown game. The management of the home team thought it best, in view of Kendall's evident weakness, to put in a couple of outside players, and accordingly W. Gleason and Shoemaker, of the Georgetown team, were selected to cover first and third base respectively. They helped materially, but this does not detract from the splendid work done by the Kendalls. With the exception of three errors by Ryan, '94, and one by Wurdemann, '91, the playing of Kendall's men was faultless, while Shoemaker was credited with two errors. The features of the game for the Kendalls was the fine work done by Taylor, '92, behind the bat, he putting out eight men; Wagner, K. S., at left field did not let a fly get past him during the entire game, catching four sky-scrapers, and making one of the finest running low catches of the game; in the pitcher's box, Leitner, '90, struck out five men, equalling the work done by the Academy pitcher; Gleason succeeded in stopping eight men at first, and made no errors; a number of fine stops and assists were made by Wurdemann and Ryan, at second and short stop respectively, but the latter marred his play with costly errors. At the bat, Shoemaker was the leader for both sides, knocking out a three-bagger in the third innings, and a two-bagger afterward, scoring on both. Gleason also did good work at the bat, making one run. The Kendall men about divided the honors in wielding the willow. The score by innings is appended:

KENDALLS 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
GEORGETOWN 3 0 3 1 4 1 0 3 x-15

For monumental gall the above lays over any thing that has come under my eye for many a day.

Mr. Branson is nothing if he is not a politician.

He formerly held the office of Foreman of the printing office of the Ohio Soldiers and Sailors Orphans Home at Xenia, O. From that office he was removed on a reversal of party power, and, if his course while there matched his actions at the Institution for the Deaf, justly too. After running around for a while in country offices, he appeared at the Institution for the Deaf as the successor of a deaf-mute, Mr. E. J. Scott, who now succeeds him and resumes his old place. Mr. Scott was removed for no known cause, the same as scores of others during the administration of Mr. Pratt, and Mr. Branson made no bones about taking the place, he had applied for, knowing it was filled by a mute, but now that he is removed to give place to the very man that he crowded out, he lustily shouts "politics" and rolls his eyes in holy horror!

While he was foreman, he was an active, a very active politician. He was a member of a political club, and being one of the tallest men in it, was always a most conspicuous figure in its parades through the streets of Columbus. His six feet two were always seen in the van. He insisted on having an "assistant foreman," so he had plenty of leisure time to give to politics and, as a matter of fact, he was, in times of political activity, more conspicuous for his absence from the office than anything else. Yet when the political opponents, those whom he has been fighting "tooth and toe-nail" come into power and retaliated upon him, he groans out, "politics in Ohio has reached the point where there is no limit to the outrages that can be committed under the guise of party fealty!"

With this issue our connection with the *Chronicle* ceases. Before leaving we desire to thank our friends here for many courtesies during the three years we have been in the Institution. We have tried to make the paper as interesting as possible to our readers, and have all along kept our columns free from the quarrels and dissensions that already have been kept up for several years, and we think we have done right. The present condition of affairs here can only be viewed in the light of a calamity by all sane and honest people. The fact that politics in Ohio has reached the point where there is a limit to the outrages that can be committed under the guise of party fealty, is a fact that is being proved, but there doesn't seem to be any help for it. Mr. Pratt's removal is very much to be regretted. Since coming here he has raised the standard of the school which already stood among the foremost, and this, too, in the face of obstacles that to most men would have been simply insurmountable.

We sincerely hope that the point will soon be reached where the parents of pupils will demand in tones that can not be misunderstood that politics be eliminated from all our Institutions.

out serious risks. We found this out by experience one day last June, and carried for several weeks after a nose peeled clear from alpha to omega, as a reminder that the resistance of hardened cement is several times greater than that of the concomitant parts of the nasal appendage.

The Freshmen nine of the College and the Brentwoods of the Kendall School played a fine game of ball on Friday afternoon, the result being a tie—10 to 10. Those who witnessed the game could not help comparing it with the one played the day before by the first nine of the College, and the comparison was not to the advantage of the latter.

Most of the High Class boys intend to buy canes very soon. They say they will bring them to College and carry them there. What do you think, College boys—*Jowa Hawkeye.*

Certainly, certainly; bring 'em right along. But permit us to suggest that they be not of an expensive variety; the Sophomore and Freshmen pulse is very uncertain during the early part of the College year, and they might accidentally slip up and fall on those canes.

Rev. Jas. H. Cloud, '86, will be in this city, June 8th, his clerical duties calling him hither.

Before this issue of the *JOURNAL* reaches the majority of its readers, Field Day will be a thing of the past, and we hope some records will be made that will stimulate future generations of students to their best efforts for emulation. The records already made in several instances are better than those of such institutions as the University of Pennsylvania, Dickinson College and even Lehigh, so that we are confident of making a place for Kendall in field gymnastics.

The divine afflatus has evidently fallen upon one of our number. A rhapsody that could have emanated from the brain of one only upon whom a breath from Mount Olympus had descended, appeared upon the bulletin board this week. We are sure our readers would be ravished with the charming rhythm of the little gem, if we could but have copied it before it disappeared, but we are afraid it is lost to the world forever.

Dr. Gallaudet reached home last Monday, after a ten days' sojourn in New York.

Miss Gave, after a pleasant week with the Misses Gallaudet, left for New York last Monday, departing for Europe a few days later.

Prof. and Mrs. Chickering are spending a few days in Pittsburgh.

KENDALL GREEN, May 29, '90.

Politics in the Ohio Institution.

H. L. Branson, editor of "the *Mute Chronicle*," published at the Ohio Institution received the "grand bounce" at the last meeting of his Board of Trustees. The following is his parting squeal as he disappeared from the office.

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How about the outrage committed to make room for himself? He takes no account of that. O No! No outrage was committed then. But when he is turned out to grass, a great outrage is committed!

Last summer six officers of the Institution were summarily removed and no reason was given, but Branson never said a word. Every year during his short stay at the Institution removals were made without cause but he kept his mouth shut. He had nothing to say about politics or anything else. Everything was all right so long as he escaped unscathed.

Now if these removals, forced and resignations (forty of them in the short space of five years) were not caused by politics will he tell us w-n-a-r they were caused by, and why he kept silent?

Speaking of Mr. Pratt, Mr. Branson says: "Since coming here, he has raised the standard of the school, etc." In saying that, he simply makes a display of his ignorance of the condition of the Institution. Officers who have been there ten, fifteen and twenty years, tell a very different story. On account of his multifarious political duties, however, he is excusable.

But I can most sincerely join with him when he says: "We sincerely hope that the point will soon be reached when the parents of the pupils will demand, in tones that can not be misunderstood, that politics be eliminated from all our institutions."

When, however, that glorious day arrives, the Institution will have no use for Mr. Branson, or any of the "gang" to which he belongs, and which is the only "gang" that has caused all this trouble.

May the Powers above hasten that day!

R. P. McGREGOR.

St. Louis, Mo., May 24, '90.

The Fair at Trenton, N. J.

A visitor dropping into the School for Deaf-Mutes here one of these days is bewildered by the animated scene he finds there. No end of hurrying hither and thither of numberless feet, humming of sewing machines, plying of nimble needles, swish swashing of brushes, sawing, hammering, profusion of color, noise and goods all around! Every body is busy, preparing for the Fair in aid of the school for deaf-mutes in China, to be held in the chapel on the 7th of next June. Miss F. C. Hawkins manages to be everywhere at once overseeing the sewing, painting and decorating department. Mrs. Weston Jenkins superintends the whole work, and not a hitch will escape her eagle eye. Miss Snowden dispels care and gloom with her merry laugh. Bewitching glances flash from her bright blue eyes. Miss Bunting looks on calmly with her well-known large, dreamy eyes, softly gliding among the girls, stopping now and then to show them how to knit and embroider. All the officers and scholars are engaged in some occupation for the Fair.

Prof. Jenkins' inability to draw, paint or sew, does not release him from sharing the general work. His voice and pen is in constant requisition to advertise the fair. His purse is besieged and attacked to furnish material. It is enough to make one growl like an old bear, but his patience and great heart emboldens the most timid. Mr. Albert Ballin came to Trenton on business at this critical period. He was given no rest. He was dragged to the studio to paint something, or to the chapel to lecture in place of some one else, to give the latter more time to attend to the fair. Mr. B. cried for quarter. Granted, on his promise to paint more at home.

The boys are practicing baseball playing. On the Fair day they will play a game with a hearing nine. Admission will be charged to swell the fund.

You are respectfully requested to contribute something to help the affair. Address: Prof. Weston Jenkins, Trenton, N. J. The worthiness of the object is indisputable. The school must succeed to demonstrate to almond-eyed Ah Sin what can be accomplished by his unfortunate brethren, and the consequence will undoubtedly be that the Government will be induced to support this school and establish others.

BABY B.

Rochester, N. Y.

At eight o'clock on the evening of May 15th, the residence of Mrs. Grasshof, No. 29 Hawkins Street, was the scene of a silent but happy gathering. It was the marriage of her daughter Anna to Mr. Charles Stein. Both are deaf-mutes. Rev. E. P. Hart, rector of St. Mark's church, performed the ceremony, before a large crowd of relatives and invited guests. After this, they were invited to the wedding feast. With music and dancing all had a good time. The presents were numerous being both ornamental as well as useful. The list is as follows:—Mr. and Mrs. Z. Westervelt, parlor lamp; Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Wood, silver pickle saucer; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hebing, pair of ornamental vases; Messrs. H. Kemmel and S. Bliss and Edith Kellaway, a silver butter plate each; Miss Emily Deible, lamp; Mr. C. D. Gibbs, small clock; Mrs. Hamp, vase; Mr. C. Ingham, Jake Brethaupt and Mrs. Blau, half dozen silver tea spoons each; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gibbs, decorated pitcher; Frank Wild, pitcher and lamp; Mr. J. Garland, pair of napkin rings; Miss Emma Theine, silver pickle dish; Mr. and Mrs. H. Theine, fine marble clock; Miss Julia Beaver, pitcher-set; Mr. and Mrs.

Bartholomay, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Stein, Mrs. Thera Gabler, and Mr. and Mrs. Hemphill, a handsome rocking chair each; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pach, Miss Bertha Popf, Mrs. Libbie Burchell, Mr. and Mrs. C. Theine, stand; Mr. Martin Krandsusky, stuffed hawk; Miss Mary Smith, berry set; Miss Louisa Hauer, half dozen sauce dishes; Messrs. Frank Murray, Lyman, Roberts and William Keplart, half dozen tumblers; Mr. and Mrs. Cake, wash-tub, broom and clothes wringer; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ringer, Charles White, sweep; each; Mr. C. Kessler, paper rack; Mr. Beckett, picture frame; Katie O'Keefe, Lucy Herring and Bell Simpson, picture frame; Mr. and Mrs. A. Hebing, tin-boiler; Mr. and Mrs. Hub, bread pan, pair of flat irons, half dozen tumblers; Mr. Wm. Estwood, pair fine ladies shoes; Mr. L. Frank, pitcher and bowl; Mrs. H. Grasshof, box cigars, a match case and two woolen shawls; Willie Grasshof, wash dish.

Mr. Wm. Hebing's oldest son has gone with his uncle, on his steamer to New York, on pleasure, and is expected to return home much refreshed in three weeks. We wish him a good time.

Mr. John Kennedy, of Fairport, visited the Western New York Institution and returned home the evening of the same day.

Martin D. Krandsusky, the noted deaf-mute hunter is going on a hunting expedition on Memorial Day.

Mr. John C. Acker, who lost his wife by death a few weeks ago, has gone to live with his only son.

Prof. Westervelt, the Principal of the Western New York Institution, proposes to treat the deaf-mutes of Rochester to a party before vacation.

Yours truly, W. H.

Prof. G. L. Wyckoff, Principal of the Iowa Institution, advertises for an articulation teacher for next year. None but an experienced teacher need apply. We suppose a lady is preferred. He proposes establishing a separate articulation department where a few pupils shall be taught by articulation alone. This will be a difficult experiment, as the pupils will learn the sign language any way with others out of school.

Some of the teachers are so much tickled over the cheap rates on the railroads caused by rival competition, and propose to visit the grizzly Rocky Mountains and Pike's Peak and the strange denizens of that romantic country. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," you know, but that romance is nothing for us, "kas we uns have bin thar."

The railroad fares between Chicago and the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains have been demoralized to such an extent that one can ride from St. Louis to Kansas City for a dollar, and from Chicago to St. Paul or to Missouri River points for three dollars, and from Chicago to Denver, Colo., for ten dollars and fifty cents. This is given for the benefit of the over-worked teachers and others, who wish to fly away to distant places for a short time, while the cheap rates last during the summer. Take advantage of it, and visit the far west, visit the Garden of the gods, the great Yellowstone park, the great monumental park on top of the Rockies commemorating the engineering skill of the first great railroad across the continent, and other places of interest.

The mutes of this city will have a grand picnic party some time during the summer, at a splendid resort called Twin Springs, about fifteen miles from the city. They will have special cars for their use in going and returning. They will have the Key City brass band along to give music for the hearing friends and dancers on the grand platform. All will take baskets along and spread a sumptuous table. They will have ice-cream, soda, lemonade, candies, cakes, cigars, etc. They will have games of base ball, croquet, lawn tennis, dancing, swimming, etc. They will have a grand, jolly time, where they can vent their lungs far from the city's turmoil and restraint. They expect to have several mutes from abroad to mingle with their pleasure and sport. The place is very romantic, being surrounded by high bluffs except where the beautiful stream meanders its way through. It was the home of the great Iowa tribe of Indians under the great chief Igwatoonah, who waged war against the great Sioux and Chippewa tribes.

NAPOLCON.

IOWA ITEMS.

A deaf-mute base ball club has been organized at Council Bluffs to make a tour of the State during the summer, and fall. Whether they will succeed, and lay out their hearing brothers of the bat remains to be seen. The first two games will be played at Missouri Valley, on Wednesday, June 12th. Those composing this club are Joseph Zugenbuehler, Dennis Milan, Ansel Williams, Charles Appley, Newton Weymer, Norman Hunt, J. O'Hearn, George Cummings, and Leonard M. Benedict, Manager. John Welter is to be scorer. This club may sometime meet the Dubuque club in mortal combat, and make the wool fly on both sides, but it will be their maiden efforts among the fraternity.

There will be about fifteen graduates from the Iowa Institution this summer, some of whom will probably go to the National Deaf-Mute College, and the others will try the battle of life at home. The candidates for graduation are Misses Ollie Tracy, Christie Thompson, and Gussie Kruse on the female side; Messrs. Leonard M. Benedict, John Brinkman, Sidney Thomas, Charles Ulrich, Newton Wymer, James Collins, Frank Ellis, William Wright, Fred Ward, Frank Willis, Arnold Kiene, and Dennis Milan, on the male side.

Without Mr. James Collins in the above base ball club, it is doubtful if they will show much strength. Mr. Collins is a champion ball player, and would give the club great strength if he was in it.

Some of the college aspirants from this State purpose buying canes to carry to college next fall, and those unsuspecting ducks will find it to their sorrow, if they do so. Boys! take our advice and leave your canes at home.

George W. Parker is the only mute here, working on the electric motor street car tracks. They are building several miles of track, and it gives employment to over one hundred men until next fall. The mutes of Dubuque gave Miss Eliza McDonnell a surprise party on her twentieth birthday, May 15th. Various presents were given her, including a bright ten-dollar gold piece from her mother. They had games, dances and music, which were enjoyed by both the hearing party and the mutes. Refreshments of delicious ice-cream, cakes, etc., were served, and all enjoyed a splendid time, and Eliza seemed to be very happy.

Miss Estella Strong, of Davenport, was here during the week, the guest of Miss Lena Allgeyer, and enjoyed her visit very much. She returned home last Monday.

De Coursey French, of this city, has been detailed to enumerate the deaf-mutes of Dubuque County for the coming census.

The mute ladies who are learning dressmaking here are Misses Lena Allgeyer, Annie Ott, Clara Kuntz and Sarah Lovett. Frank Hemmelder is monarch of all he surveys, and considers himself a first-class cigarmaker, having joined the cigar Manufacturers' Union. He is the only mute cigarmaker in this city, and probably the only one in the state of Iowa. He proposes paying the mute natives of Davenport, Ia., and Rock Island, Ill., a visit during July 4th. Those cities are rivals across the river.

Miss Clara Kuntz's uncle, John Kuntz, died last Sunday leaving a fortune. He had no children of his own, and Clara is the only child of his brother, who died a few years ago. Both came from Switzerland over forty years ago, and were among the old and honored settlers of this city where both made fortunes. Clara is a quiet lady and is a regular attendant of our Sunday School. She also attended our day school until a few weeks ago, when she commenced dressmaking.

Prof. G. L. Wyckoff, Principal of the Iowa Institution, advertises for an articulation teacher for next year. None but an experienced teacher need apply. We suppose a lady is preferred. He proposes establishing a separate articulation department where a few pupils shall be taught by articulation alone. This will be a difficult experiment, as the pupils will learn the sign language any way with others out of school.

Some of the teachers are so much tickled over the cheap rates on the railroads caused by rival competition, and propose to visit the grizzly Rocky Mountains and Pike's Peak and the strange denizens of that romantic country. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," you know, but that romance is nothing for us, "kas we uns have bin thar."

The railroad fares between Chicago and the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains have been demoralized to such an extent that one can ride from St. Louis to Kansas City for a dollar, and from Chicago to St. Paul or to Missouri River points for three dollars, and from Chicago to Denver, Colo., for ten dollars and fifty cents. This is given for the benefit of the over-worked teachers and others, who wish to fly away to distant places for a short time, while the cheap rates last during the summer. Take advantage of it, and visit the far west, visit the Garden of the gods, the great Yellowstone park, the great monumental park on top of the Rockies commemorating the engineering skill of the first great railroad across the continent, and other places of interest.

The mutes of this city will have a grand picnic party some time during the summer, at a splendid resort called Twin Springs, about fifteen miles from the city. They will have special cars for their use in going and returning. They will have the Key City brass band along to give music for the hearing friends and dancers on the grand platform. All will take baskets along and spread a sumptuous table. They will have ice-cream, soda, lemonade,

